

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

JANUARY
No. 25

COMICS

10¢



SIDE BY SIDE,
BLACKHAWK
AND
WANG THE TIGER
in a stirring TALE of
Adventure, Treachery
... and **WAR!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-LOGY

NEW WORLD'S RECORD—

JOHN S. PRICE, RIDING A ROYAL MAIL, SET A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR BICYCLES IN 1884 HE COVERED ONE MILE IN THE THEN UN-BELIEVABLE TIME OF 2 MINUTES AND 39 SECONDS. TODAY'S RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE IS 33 SECONDS



THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE-
KNOWN FOR ITS EASY PEDALING.
SMOOTH BRAKING SINCE
TODAY AS AN

THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE
 HIGHERLY KNOWN FOR ITS EASY PEDALING,
 FREE COASTING, SMOOTH BRAKING SINCE
 THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLE
 IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE INVISIBLE CLOTH,
 IT IS SERVING A VITAL PURPOSE ON MANY
 BATTLEFRONTS, AS WELL AS THE HOMEFRONT.



ECLIPSE MACHINE
DIVISION



STOPPING BY HAND-

TIMBERLAKES RATCHET BRAKE
A FAR CRY FROM TODAY'S
PRECISION BUILT MORROW®
COASTER BRAKE, WAS OPER-
ATED BY HAND A RATCHET
ARRANGEMENT ON THE
FRONT WHEEL PERMITTED
GRADUAL STOPPING.



IVORY HANDLES

HANDLES OF IVORY
THOUGH VERY EX-
PENSIVE, WERE IN
RATHER COMMON USE
AT ONE TIME UNLIKE
WOODEN ONES, THEY
DIDNT BUSTER THE HANDS

* TRADE MARK OF THE BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

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MILITARY COMICS

ARMY

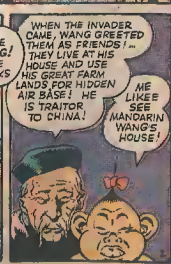
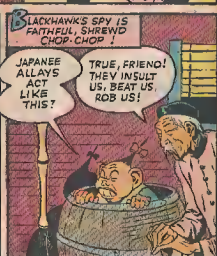
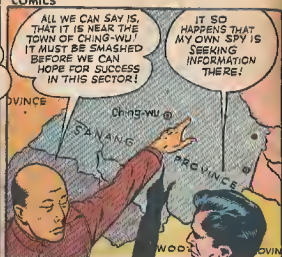
STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND

Section 1.

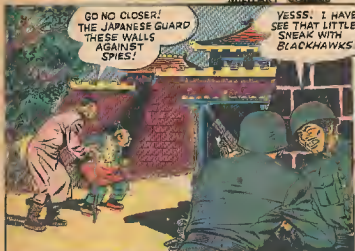
BLACKHAWK



CHINA... ANCIENT LAND OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE, AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF! ITS PEOPLES HAVE BEEN ATTACKED AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT ALWAYS A BRAVE MAN WOULD RISE UP AND LEAD HIS COUNTRYMEN AGAINST THE BARBARIC HORDES WHO SOUGHT TO INVADE CHINA'S GOOD EARTH! SUCH A MAN IS **WANG THE TIGER!** WITH THE AID OF **BLACKHAWK**, WANG TEACHES THE JAPANESE THE ARTS OF INTRIGUE, TREACHERY... AND WAR!!



MILITARY COMICS



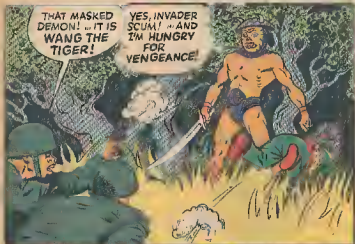
GO NO CLOSER!
THE JAPANESE GUARD
THESE WALLS
AGAINST
SPIES!

YESSS. I HAVE
SEE THAT LITTLE
SNEAK WITH
BLACKHAWKS!



WORM! YOU
SHALL DIE --
AS WILL ALL
BLACKHAWK
MAN!

PUFF
THIS BAD!
PUFF



THAT MASKED
DEMON! ... IT IS
WANG THE
TIGER!

YES, INVADER
SCUM! ... AND
I'M HUNGRY
FOR
VENGEANCE!



I SOIL MY
SWORD WITH
YOUR
BLOOD!



YOU KILL
ME,
TOO?

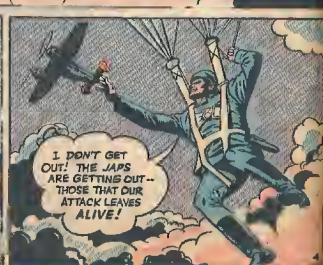
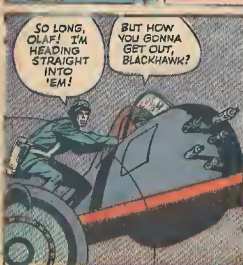
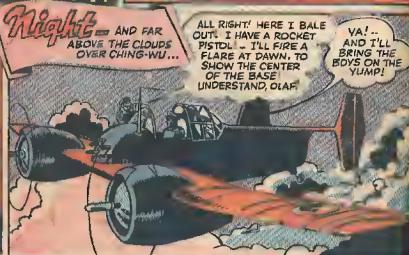
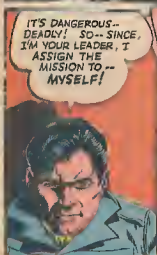
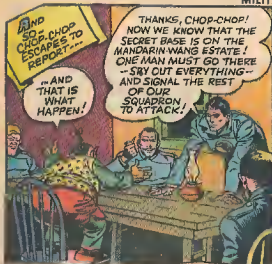
NO! I SPARE YOU
TO CARRY A MESSAGE!
TELL THE TRAITOR MANDARIN
WANG THAT HIS BROTHER,
WANG THE TIGER,
FIGHTS JAPAN
WITH DOUBLE
STRENGTH
AND FURY!



AS FOR YOU, SEEK
SAFETY AGAIN, BEFORE
THE WHOLE INVADER
ARMY HUNTS YOU
DOWN!

YOU
BET! CHLOP.
CHLOP GO VELLY
QUICKEE!

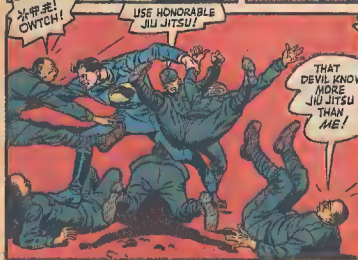
MILITARY COMICS

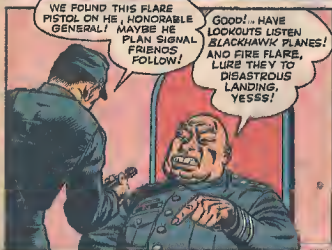
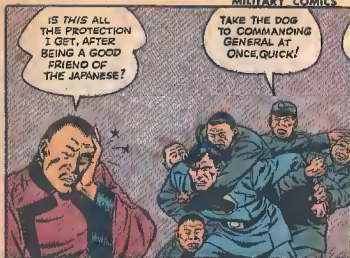






THERE MUST
BE SOME MISTAKE!...
I DISTINCTLY
REMEMBER
PUTTING THAT
SENTRY TO SLEEP!







THE LOCK AND FASTENINGS ARE IRON BUT THE BOARD IS OF WOOD --IT CAN BURN!



NOW TO GET OUTSIDE --AND INTO ACTION.



THE DOOR'S LOCKED! HMMM! --- WHAT'S THIS?

ARE YOU THE MAN CALLED BLACKHAWK? STAND BACK! ... MY SWORD WILL FORCE A WAY FOR YOU!



ARE YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, WANG THE TIGER?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! GET OUTSIDE! QUICK!



YES, I AM WANG THE TIGER! AND, LIKE YOU, I FIGHT AGAINST OPPRESSORS.

THANKS FOR HELPING! MAYBE THE TWO OF US CAN DO DOUBLE DUTY TONIGHT.



I KNOW MUCH ABOUT THIS JAPANESE BASE! AND I FEAR NOTHING!

NEITHER DO I!... COME, LET'S GIVE THE ENEMY SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY!

MILITARY COMICS



THOSE TWO SOLDIERS HAVE SEEN US! QUICK!... RUN, BEFORE THEY WARN THE OTHERS!



WELL DONE, BLACKHAWK! I'LL GET THE OTHER, BEFORE HE SOUNDS THAT ALARM SIREN!



YOU COMPLEMENT MY POOR EFFORT TOO HIGHLY!



WE HAVE ONLY BEGUN OUR WORK -- AND THE NIGHT FLIES FAST!

THIS WILL PLUG THE SIREN AND KEEP IT FROM HOWLING



I MUST GET MY FLARE-THROWER BACK! I NEED IT TO GIVE INFORMATION TO MY FRIENDS!

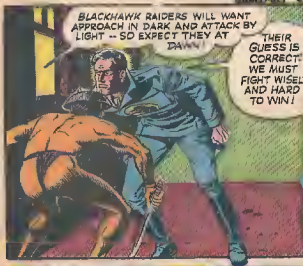
IT IS IN THE HANDS OF THE OFFICERS! COME!



BLACKHAWK BRING THIS FOR SIGNAL HIS COMRADES!

WE SET TRAP... FIRE FLARE... BAIT FOR LURE THEY IN TRAP!

MILITARY COMICS



BLACKHAWK RAIDERS WILL WANT
APPROACH IN DARK AND ATTACK BY
LIGHT -- SO EXPECT THEM AT
DAWN!

THEIR
GUESS IS
CORRECT!
WE MUST
FIGHT WISELY
AND HARD
TO WIN!



ONLY SHORT MINUTES ARE LEFT. BACK
IN BLACKHAWK HEADQUARTERS...

♪ THERE ARE MANY... WE ARE
FEW... YET WE ALWAYS THRUST
THEM THROUGH - WE'RE
BLACKHAWKS! ♪

ATTENTION,
COMRADES!



I WAS LEFT IN
COMMAND! WE MUST
LEAVE AT ONCE -- TO BE
OVER CHING-WU
AT DAWN!



WHERE HONORABLE
GENERAL WISH
WE FIRE SIGNAL

FIRE NEAR SWAMP!
LET BLACKHAWKS
LAND AND FALL
INTO MUD!



YOU'RE GOING
TO FALL FIRST
YOURSELVES
-- LIKE THIS!

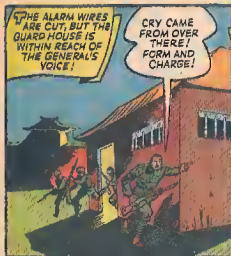
CLOP!

LET GO OF THAT
FLARE THROWER
--OR I'LL
BREAK
YOUR
ARM!

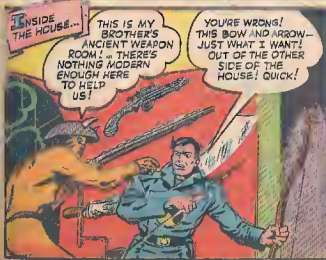
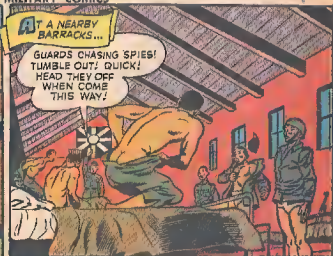
救命!
HELP!
GUARDS!
COME AT
ONCE!



MILITARY COMICS



CRY CAME FROM OVER THERE! FORM AND CHARGE!

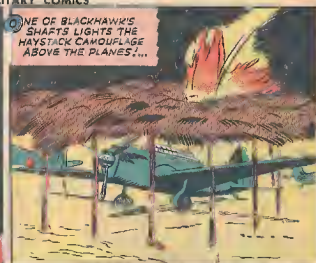


YOU'RE WRONG! THIS BOW AND ARROW— JUST WHAT I WANT! OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE! QUICK!

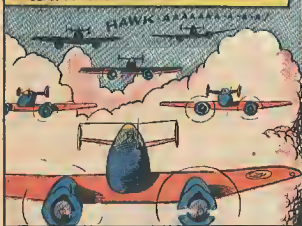


THIS IS AN OLD ONE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS! WATCH!

MILITARY COMICS



DOWN SWOOPS THE SQUADRON THAT SO OFTEN
DEALT DEATH AND DISMAY TO TYRANTS!



THE ROAD IS DESIGNATED
AS LANDING GROUND. BUT,
FIRST -- BOMB THE SPOTS
INDICATED BY
THE FIRES!



WE LOST!
NO CAN TAKE
TO AIR AGAINST
THEM!

※※※!!

BOOM!
CRA



BOOM!
KA



MACHINE-GUN
THEY WHEN
TRY LAND!
UGH!

WELL DONE,
BLACKHAWK!
... I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THIS
FELLOW!

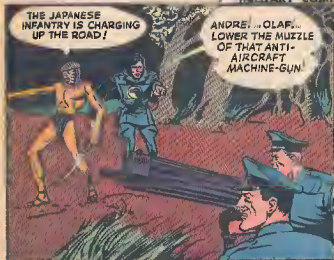


WE
GETTEE
HERE ON
TIME,
HAH?

AY HOPE
YOU BAN LEAVE
LITTLE BIT
OF FUN
FOR US?

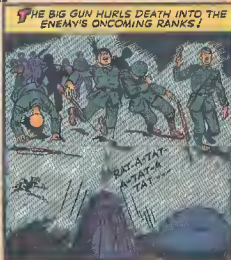
THERE'S
STILL
PLENTY
TO BE
DONE!





THE JAPANESE INFANTRY IS CHARGING UP THE ROAD!

ANDRE! ...OLAF!...
LOWER THE MUZZLE
OF THAT ANTI-
AIRCRAFT
MACHINE-GUN



THE BIG GUN HURLS DEATH INTO THE ENEMY'S ONCOMING RANKS!

BAT-A-TAT-
A-TAT-A
TAT...



THE SURVIVORS CANNOT STAND AGAINST THE BLACKHAWKS' FIRE!

VICTORY!...
THIS BASE IS NO
LONGER A THREAT
TO THE
ALLIES!



YOU
NEED ME
NO LONGER,
BLACKHAWK!
FAREWELL!

WAIT! PART OF
MY JOB WAS TO
LEARN ABOUT
YOU!



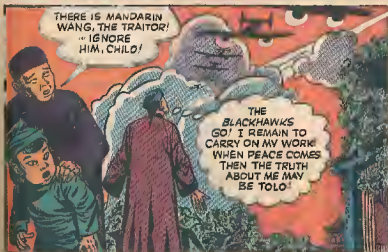
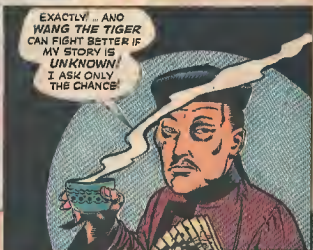
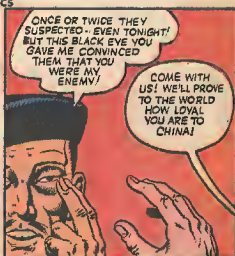
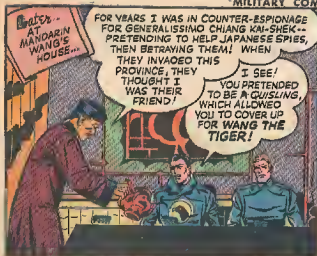
BUT
I
PROTEST...

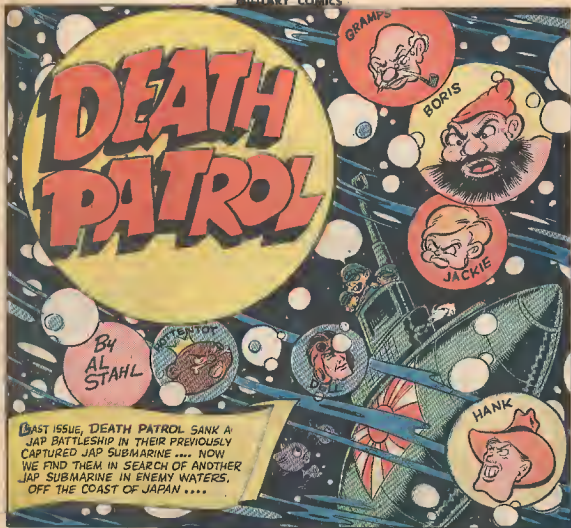
I MUST
SEE YOUR FACE!
I INSIST!...



MANDARIN WANG!
... AND YOU'VE BEEN
CALLED A
TRAITOR!

JUST PART
OF THE
DISGUISE,
BLACKHAWK!



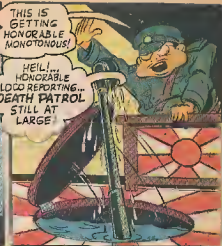


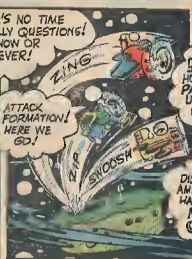
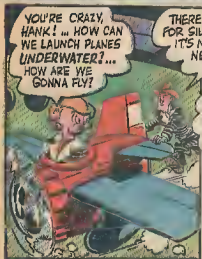
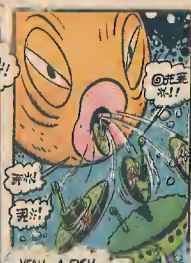
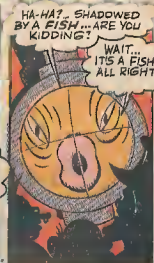
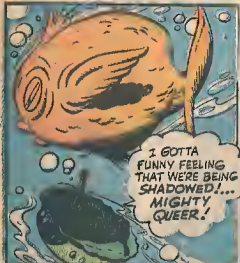
A SHORT WHILE LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF HIS IMPERIAL SNIPS, HOYO (THAT'S JAPANESE FOR JERK)...



THIS IS GETTING HONORABLE MONOTONOUS!

HEIL... HONORABLE LOCO REPORTING... DEATH PATROL STILL AT LARGE





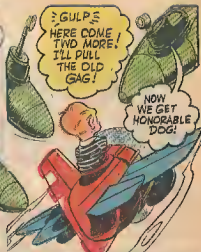


ATTA BOY!...
HANK, USE
THE LASSO!



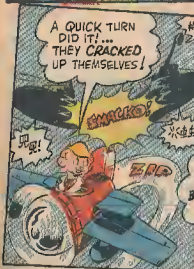
STRIKE ONE...
AND TWO JAP
SUBS HIT THE DUST!

井里!
先里!



GULP!
HERE COME
TWO MORE!
I'LL PULL
THE OLD
GAG!

NOW
WE GET
HONORABLE
DOG!



A QUICK TURN
DID IT!...
THEY CRACKED
UP THEMSELVES!



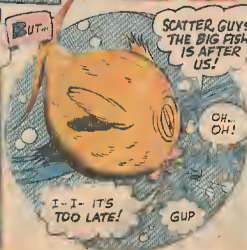
HA!... NOW
BORIS HAS
BIG OPPORTUNITY
AT LAST!!



WE BREAK UP
SUBMARINE LIKE
MATCH BOX!...
BRAVO, BORIS!



HONEST... I NEVER
WOULD HAVE BELIEVED
IT... BUT OUR
UNDERWATER ATTACK
WAS A SUCCESS!



SCATTER, GUYS!
THE BIG FISH
IS AFTER
US!

I-I- IT'S
TOO LATE!

GUP



I MUST SAY... A FINE
FINISH FOR DEATH PATROL...
SWALLOWED BY
A FISH!

IT LOOKS
LIKE A DARK
FUTURE
AHEAD...

DON'T WORRY. DEATH PATROL
WILL REACH THE LIGHT IN NEXT
MONTH'S MILITARY COMICS!

THE SNIPER

by
VERNON
HENKEL

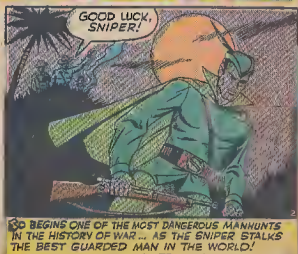
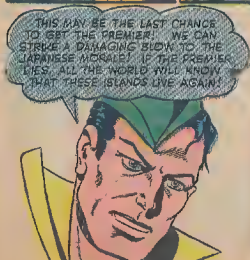
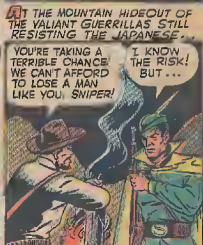
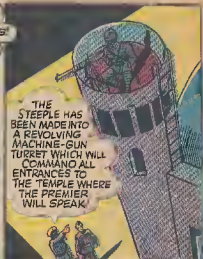
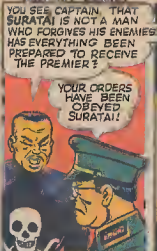
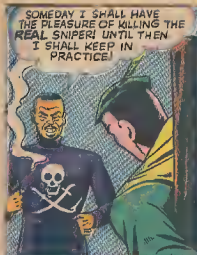
HIS ROYAL MAGNIFICENCE, THE PREMIER OF JAPAN, PAID A VISIT TO THE OCCUPIED CITY OF MANILA ... AND THE SPECIAL JOB OF DEFENDING HIM AGAINST POSSIBLE ATTACK, FELL TO THE CRAFTY SURATAI, CHIEF ASSASSIN OF THE BLACK DRAGONS, WHOSE SWORN ENEMY IS THE SNIPER!

ONCE AGAIN, THESE TWO MOST IMPLACABLE FOES MEET IN TERRIBLE COMBAT, WITH THE LIFE OF A PREMIER AS THE PRIZE ... AND DEATH THE REWARD OF THE LOSER!



THERE IS THE SHARP, DEADLY CRACK OF A PISTOL ... AND A LONE FIGURE SLUMPS LIFELESSLY...





MILITARY COMICS

MEANWHILE...

THE PREMIER WILL ARRIVE WITHIN THE HOUR! I'LL MAKE SURE ALL THE GUARDS ARE AT THEIR POSTS!



I WARN YOU NOT TO SEE THIS MAN! HE IS NOT OF YOUR CASTE!

I LOVE HIM! WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED!



SO! MY OWN DAUGHTER CONSORTS WITH A COMMON SOLDIER BEHIND MY BACK!



ENOUGH! GO TO YOUR ROOM! ... I SHALL DEAL WITH YOU LATER!

YOU SHALL NOT KEEP ME FROM SEEING HIROTA, FATHER! ... I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOUR THREATS!



PRIVATE HIROTA! RETURN TO YOUR POST! YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THE END OF THIS!



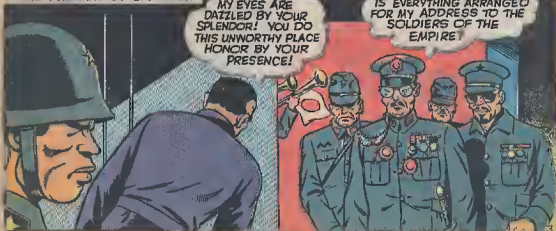
SO THAT IS HOW THE WIND BLOWS! MY OWN DAUGHTER, OKU-SAMA, WOULD DISGRACE MY NAME BY MARRYING A PEASANT! BUT THEY RECKON WITHOUT THE WRATH OF SURATAI!

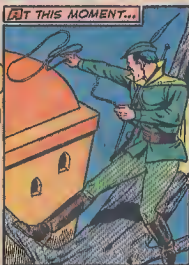


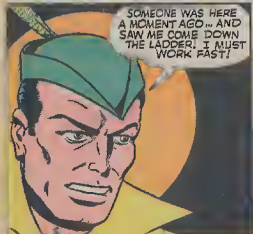
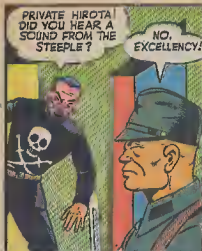
OUTSIDE, THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS HERALDS THE ARRIVAL OF HIS ROYAL MAGNIFICENCE, THE PREMIER OF JAPAN ...

MY EYES ARE DAZZLED BY YOUR SPLENDOR! YOU DO THIS UNWORTHY PLACE HONOR BY YOUR PRESENCE!

IS EVERYTHING ARRANGED FOR MY ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE?

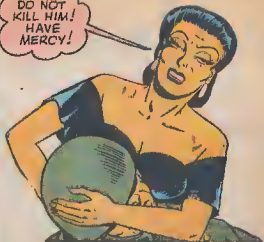








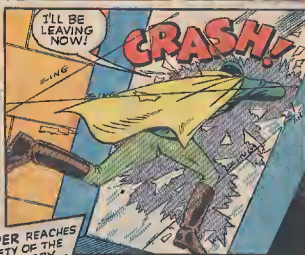
DO NOT
KILL HIM!
HAVE
MERCY!



CAN YOU
SHOW ME
WHERE TO
FIND THE
PREMIER?

YOU BETRAY YOUR
COUNTRY, MY DAUGHTER!
YOU MUST DIE!!

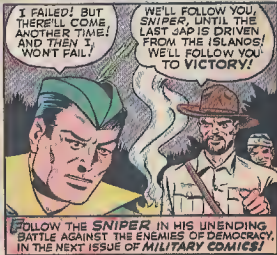
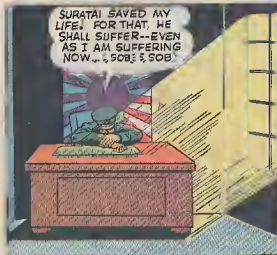
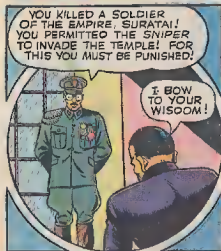




THE SNIPER REACHES THE SAFETY OF THE WOODS NEARBY...



MILITARY COMICS



JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



PRIVATE

MILITARY COMICS

DOGTAG

The World's Dumbest Soldier!



by
BART
TUMBLE



YOU SAY YOU'VE
MET A BEAUTIFUL
DOLL WHOSE GIRL
FRIEND IS ALSO
A KNOCKOUT?

RIGHT! BUT MY GIRL WON'T
GO OUT THIS AFTERNOON
UNLESS I GET A DATE FOR
HER CHUM! YOU AND I
BOTH HAVE A DAYS LEAVE...
BE A SPORT AND COME
ALONG, SERGEANT
ROAR'GAN!



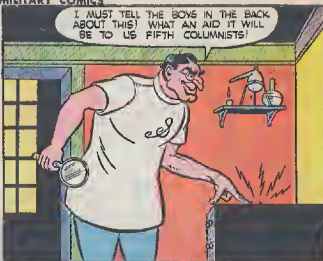
BUT THAT AFTERNOON...

GOSH, SARGE, I'M
AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO
CANCEL OUR DATES!
THIS TOOTHACHE
IS KILLING ME!

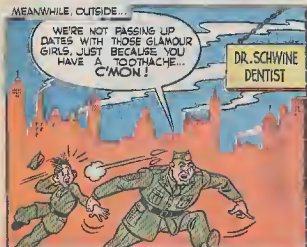
WHAT? DITCH A COUPLE
OF CUTIES LIKE YOU
DESCRIBED? NO SIRREE!
WE'LL FIND A DENTIST
TO FIX YOUR
TOOTH!

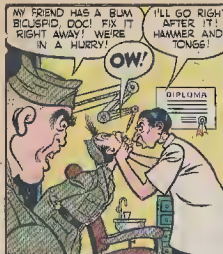
MILITARY COMICS

IN A NEARBY DENTIST'S OFFICE A "FRONT" FOR FIFTH COLUMNISTS. WE FIND DR. SCHWINE, AXIS AGENT AND MECHANICAL GENIUS, ADMIRING HIS LATEST INVENTION...

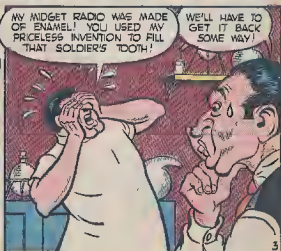
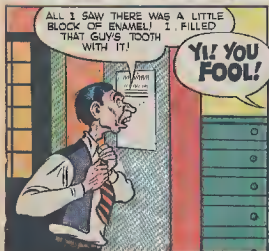
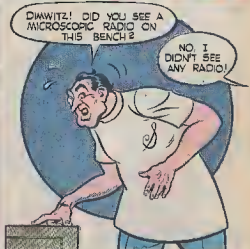
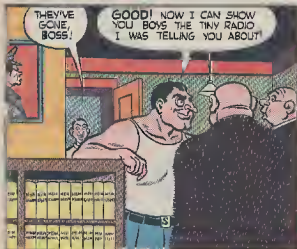


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...



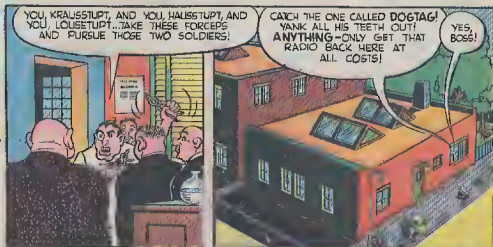


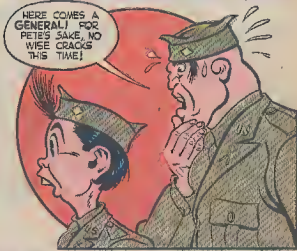
FIVE PAINFUL MINUTES PASS... THEN...



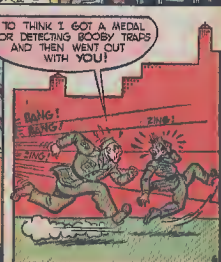
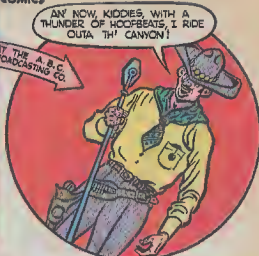
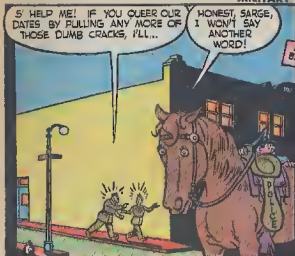


DOCTOR SCHWINE CALLS HIS HENCHMEN AND EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

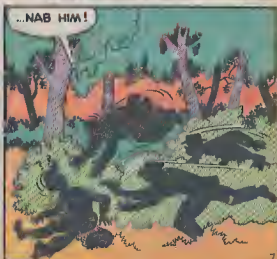
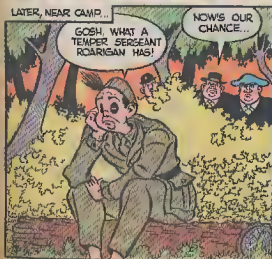




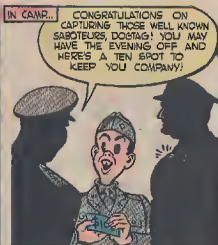
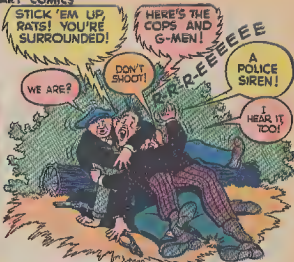
MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



IN A GERMAN SHORTWAVE BROADCASTING STATION..



MILITARY COMICS

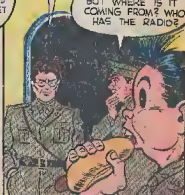
AND NOW, LOYAL CHENERALS ON ALL FRONTS! TOMORROW IS DER BIG DAY! AT TEN SHARP, YOU WILL ADVANCE AS VUN MAN AND DER VAR 156 OFFER!

THAT'S HITLER'S VOICE! I KNOW IT WELL! TOO WELL!

I'M FROM THE INTELLIGENCE! WE KNEW HE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE IMPORTANT ORDERS OVER A NEW SECRET WAVE LENGTH...

BY MEANS OF A NEW MINATURE RADIO WE'VE HAD A TIP ON!

IT'S STUPENDOUS! BUT WHERE IS IT COMING FROM? WHO HAS THE RADIO?



THOSE NOISES CAME FROM PRIVATE DOGTAG!

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT MYSELF!

SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THIS RECENT FILLING IN MY TOOTH!

WHAT FILLING? THERE'S NOTHING BUT A HOLE THERE!

LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME GOOT LND GET NEW INSPIRATION!



LOOK AT ME GOOT! MINE FACE, MINE PODY! I AM DER SUPER MAN OF DER SUPER RACE! HOW CAN VE FAIL?

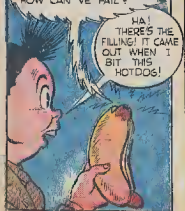
HA! THERE'S THE FILLING! IT CAME OUT WHEN I BIT THIS HOTDOG!

LATER, AFTER DOGTAG HAS LED G-MEN TO THE "CENTISTS" OFFICE...

CONGRATULATIONS, PRIVATE DOGTAG! YOU'VE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR ROUNDING UP A DANGEROUS GROUP OF FIFTH COLLIANISTS...

...AND THE FRUSTRATION OF A MAJOR MILITARY MOVE BY OUR ENEMIES' FORCES!

IS EVERY BODY HAPPY?

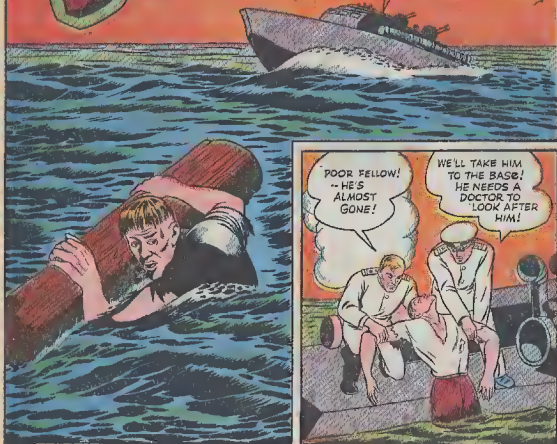


ARE YOU ON EDGE? NERVES JUMPY? DONT TAKE DANGEROUS DRUGS... TAKE PRIVATE DOGTAG THE HARMLESS DOPE... EACH MONTH IN **MILITARY COMICS**!

NAVY

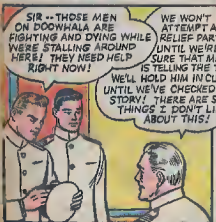
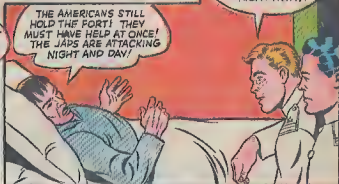
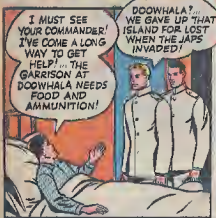
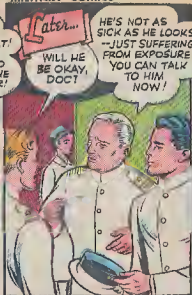
STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
*Section 2.*PT
BOAT

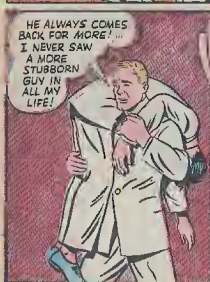
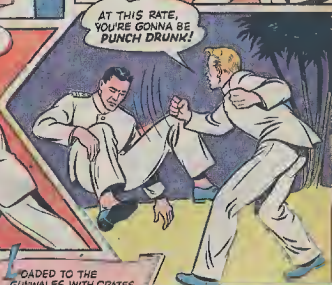
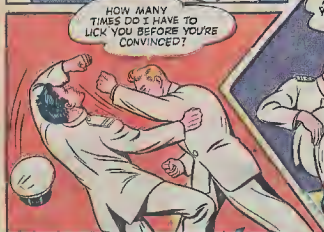
WHAT terrible peril did he bring -- this Sea-tossed derelict? A cruising PT Boat rescued him, miserable and half-drowned, grateful for being saved ... but nobody suspected that DEATH clung to him like an aura, and disaster spoke in the sound of his voice!

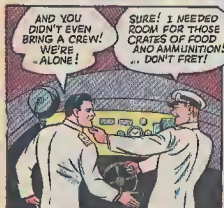
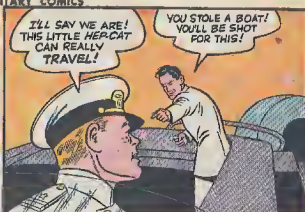
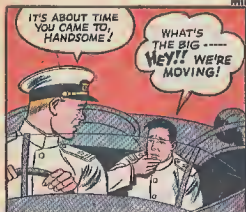


POOR FELLOW!
-- HE'S
ALMOST
GONE!

WE'LL TAKE HIM
TO THE BASE!
HE NEEDS A
DOCTOR TO
LOOK AFTER
HIM!











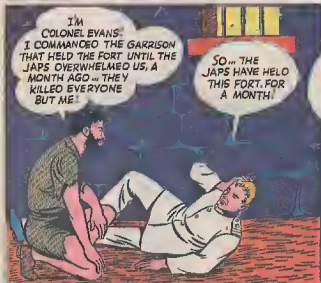
SOMEONE KEEP COMPANY
YOU, HONORABLE
COLONEL, YESSS

HEY!



OHHHHH!
MY HEAD!
I HATE
TO SAY
THE USUAL
THING--
BUT ----
WHERE
AM I?

YOU'RE IN
THE FORT'S
DUNGEON.

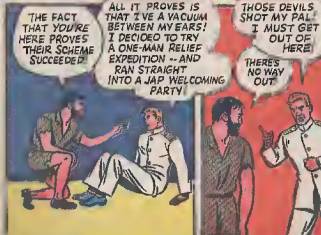


I'M
COLONEL EVANS.
I COMMANDED THE GARRISON
THAT HELD THE FORT UNTIL THE
JAPS OVERWHELMED US, A
MONTH AGO -- THEY
KILLED EVERYONE
BUT ME!

SO... THE
JAPS HAVE HELD
THIS FORT FOR
A MONTH!

THEN THAT
GUY WHO TOLO
US THE GARRISON
STILL HELD OUT
WAS A JAP
SPY!

WE FOUGHT TO THE
LAST MAN. WE
COULDN'T REPORT TO
HEADQUARTERS! OUR
RADIO WAS DESTROYED!
THE JAPS KNEW IT--AND
TRIED TO LURE OTHER
AMERICAN UNITS
INTO AMBUSH



THE FACT
THAT YOU'RE
HERE PROVES
THEIR SCHEME
SUCCEEDED!

ALL IT PROVES IS
THAT I'VE A VACUUM
BETWEEN MY EARS!
I DECIDED TO TRY
A ONE-MAN RELIEF
EXPEDITION -- AND
RAN STRAIGHT
INTO A JAP WELCOMING
PARTY!

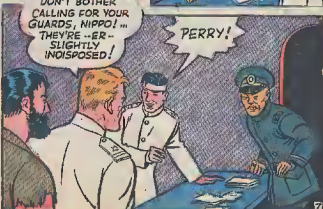
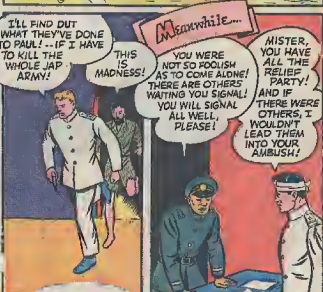
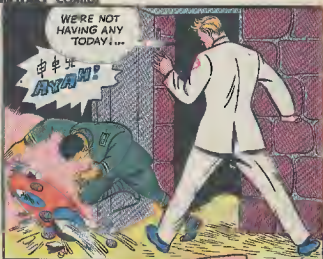
THOSE DEVILS
SHOT MY PAL!
I MUST GET
OUT OF
HERE!

THERE'S
NO WAY
OUT

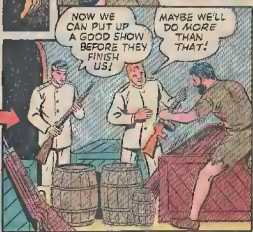


THESE WALLS ARE
TEN FEET THICK! ALL
WE CAN DO IS WAIT
HERE TO DIE!

THERE
MUST BE
SOME WAY OUT!
--AND I'LL FIND
IT!



MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



DEATH RIDES A RAY

"TAINT a fit night for man nor beast," bruskiy observed old Hoskins, night hangar man at the Boston Airport. "That young scamp orter be stopped frum takin' a ship up."

Hoskins had something there, all right. It was a wild, howling night with an off-ocean storm that had lashed the coast for five hours. The wind rattled around Hangar 2, shaking things as if in the grip of some mighty fist. No plane could find its way in such a night.

"That's what you guys think!" chortled Jimmy Haynes, young test pilot for a large aircraft company. "Of course," he went on as the twin motors on the big ship thundered into life for the warm-up, "I wouldn't be nuts enough to try flying in such weather unless—" He hesitated. "Unless I knew everything was gonna be all right." His hesitation was occasioned by the sharp glance cast his way by a high ranking army official who was supervising this dangerous night test.

Everything was all secrecy concerning the forthcoming flight. Army guards had been stationed around Hangar 2, and inside around a certain twin-engined plane, for several days prior to the proposed flight. Inside the cabin of the ship there was a new, mysterious device. Years of experimentation by two nations had gone into this amazing instrument. Now it was ready for the initial test.

The great day had come—rather, the night!

The attendant trundled the gleaming plane out of the hangar. Lightning flared bluish over the shiny aluminum body and hissed across the pitch-black skies.

Old Hoskins grumbled and scratched his stubble-covered chin.

"I don't like it, I don't," he muttered. "Seems like a decent youngster, too." Hoskins felt, and rightly, that Jimmy Haynes was flying to his doom.

Haynes cracked the throttle. The 1500-horsepower engines blasted, and the ship leaped down the runway. Almost instantly it was invisible in the lashing storm. Those standing tense in the hangar doorway heard the giant ship lift and hurtle into the black night. Beads of perspiration broke out on the Army official's forehead. What he wouldn't give to know that this test would be successful!

"It can't fail. It can't!" he said to himself.

The plane roared low overhead. Too low, it seemed to those listening.

The operator in the control tower had Haynes constantly on the radio. "How does she look up there, Jimmy?"

"What?" asked Jimmy. "Say. I can't see anything out there. It's blacker than the inside of an old hat!"

"Better not get too low," advised the operator. "Where are you right now?"

"Six hundred," said Jimmy.

The operator again: "Well, circle two or three times more and come in, Jimmy. And good landing!"

The plane roared in a wide circle about the field. After a few more circuits, Jimmy said into his transmitter, "Okay. Hold your hats, boys, I'm coming in!"

The operator had Jimmy's conversation on the public speaker system so that everybody on the field could hear. The army man shuddered as he heard Jimmy's words and then the big ship was coming down through the storm. Where would it land? Maybe crash into the hangar!

Everyone stood, transfixed, while the engines rumbled, then softened to gliding speed. Silence at last. Then dimly through the murk they could see the ship's searchlight. Jimmy was heading the plane toward the hangar. His voice came over the "pipe": "Everything's okay. She worked like a charm. Just kept her riding down on the three luminous dots!"

Then Jimmy was tumbling out of the ship. The army man shook hands.

"Boy," he said, "I never lived through such a few minutes!"

"She worked terrific," Jimmy told him. "You really have something there, Major Corey. That's the greatest invention ever given to aircraft."

Major Corey had a far-away look in his eyes as the two stood

MILITARY COMICS

in the shelter of the hangar doorway. "My boy," he stated at last, "if that device is half as good—just *half*, mind you!—as we believe it is, we'll be the greatest military power on earth!"

That was the first test made with Radar, war's newest and most lethal ray Radar, the "beam of death."

Have you heard of it? It has been a closely guarded secret of the Army Signal Corps, Navy and civilian scientists. Now, however, the lid has been partially lifted because we know that the Axis is using a version o. Radar

What is Radar?

It is an invisible ray (ultra-high frequency) that knifes through darkness, fog, storm, smoke and snowfall at a rate of speed approaching 185,000 miles a second—the speed of light!

Sound travels at the comparatively slow rate of .2, miles a second. Radar travels approximately 930,000 times as fast!

Purpose of the Radar ray:

The ray stabs out across space and if it strikes an enemy plane or warship fifty, 100 or 500 miles away the ray bounces back to its source. Electronic devices measure the time interval in split-thousandths of a second. This shows exactly how far away the enemy object is. But the device also shows *how fast* the object is moving, and in what direction (or elevation, if it is a plane).

Gunners, with these data at hand, need only to fire their weapons. They know just *where* the enemy object will be from the time the shell leaves the gun until it strikes the target.

Who invented Radar?

That is a question that will not be settled until victory is achieved. Generally speaking, the original idea is credited to a Scotch physicist named Sir Robert A. Watson-Watt. However, back in 1887, in Karlsruhe, Germany, Heinrich Hertz was experimenting with ultra-high frequency waves. The British did considerable of the foundation research on Radar.

Radar saved England from invasion when Nazi bombers ripped across the skies in the summer of 1940. Radar could have saved Pearl Harbor. . . .

Long before the Jap zeros struck their foul blow, on the morning of December 7, 1943, American Army officials had received operational instructions from the British. They had actually installed radar equipment in Hawaii.

An hour before the Nips began their air raid on Diamond Head, a young Signal Corps private named Joseph Lockard was ranging a radar device. He was not on active duty. Nobody was. He was merely getting in a little experience with the new, mysterious gadget. Suddenly he caught the unmistakable sound of a "large flight of unidentified planes slightly north and east of Oahu."

Lockard was amazed. He thought he must be hearing things. He experimented with the indicators, thinking there might be something wrong with the device. But the sound remained, growing nearer. He rushed to his commanding officer and reported the astonishing incident. The C. O. laughingly shrugged it off, laying the whole thing to a case of jitters

on the part of a novice operator.

Fifty minutes later Pearl Harbor was a flaming shambles. Two thousand people had met their death. Several battleships had gone to the bottom of the harbor. Many aircraft had been blasted to bits on the field.

Radar had performed its job. Man had erred.

Why was Radar developed?

For years, aviation authorities and technicians had tried to invent a "true" altimeter that would show pilots just how far above the terrain they were and how far away from fog-bound mountain peaks. Of course, they had an altimeter, but it was an unreliable pressure gadget that played many tragic tricks. It showed the pilot how high he was above sea level, not how high he was above the highest point on the terrain below. He had to know exactly the topography of the region over which he was flying in order to calculate how high he was above the highest point immediately below. An impossible task.

Radar supplies a "true" altimeter. But it doing many other amazing things. Aboard every war ship, it is an invisible searchlight fingering the night seas in search of enemy craft and surfaced subs. It is helping convoys in countless ways and reducing the hazards of shipping.

Since time immemorial, when wizards and alchemists were in vogue, man has sought to find a way to make gold, and also a lethal ray that would detect an enemy before human ears or eyes could hear or see him.

Man has found that ray!

MILITARY COMICS

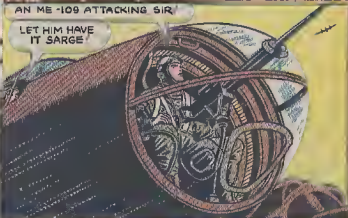
THE ATLANTIC PATROL

FROM AN AMERICAN AIR BASE IN ALGERIA "THE FLYING PARSON" GOES ON A BOMBING MISSION OVER SARDINIA...

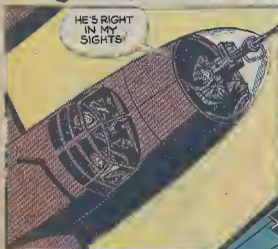
AN ME-109 ATTACKING SIR!

LET HIM HAVE IT SARGE

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CONE STELL, "THE FLYING PARSON", GAVE UP HIS PEACEFUL PASTORATE AND ENLISTED IN THE ARMY AS A PRIVATE. AFTER SWITCHING TO THE AIR CORPS HE BECAME ONE OF THEIR BEST B-26 MARAUDER PILOTS.



HE'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS!



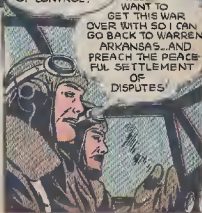
GOOD WORK, SERGEANT FARR! YOU RAKED HIM FROM THE NOSE TO THE FUSELAGE... YOU MUST HAVE KILLED THE PILOT... THE PLANE'S OUT OF CONTROL!



THAT'S ONE LESS NAZI TO WORRY ABOUT!

BUT, LIEUTENANT, WHY DID YOU GIVE UP PREACHING FOR FIGHTING!

WELL, I WANT TO GET THIS WAR OVER WITH SO I CAN GO BACK TO WARREN ARKANSAS... AND PREACH THE PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTES!



MILITARY COMICS



This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

COAST GUARD CUTTER BATTLES SIX U-BOATS

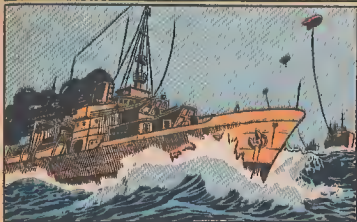
In one of the bitterest convoy battles of this war, the United States Coast Guard Cutter Campbell, under Commander James Hirshfield, blasted five German submarines and rammed a sixth in a twenty-four hour fight in the Atlantic.

The Campbell is the last word in cutters and practically a cousin to the destroyer. Time and time again since Pearl Harbor, this scrappy terrier of a ship has given many of Hitler's U-Boats a taste of her gunfire and ashcans. It is a Coast Guard distinction to be known as a "Campbell Man."



MILITARY COMICS

IN MID-ATLANTIC A CONVOY LUMBERS STEADILY ALONG WITH THE CUTTER CAMPBELL ESCORTING...



A MESSAGE SIR! "SUBMARINE REPORTED TWENTY FOUR MILES SOUTH." WE ARE ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE!

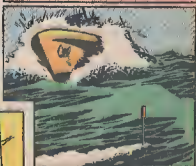
SWELL! THE DOLDRUMS ARE OVER. MAYBE IT'S A CHANCE FOR THE CAMPBELL TO LIVE UP TO HER REPUTATION!



THERE IT IS ON THE SURFACE!



BEFORE THE GUNNERS CAN OPEN FIRE THE U-BOAT SUBMERGES.



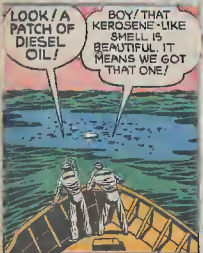
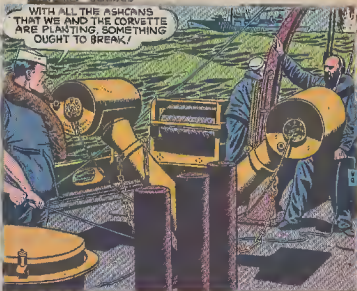
FIRE THE ASHCANS!



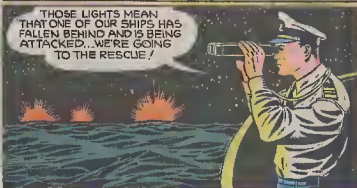
BAM



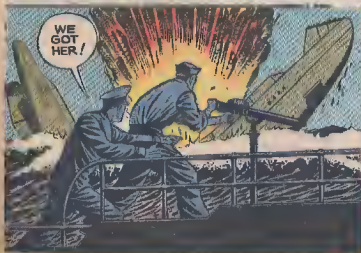
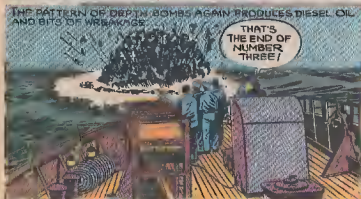
MILITARY COMICS



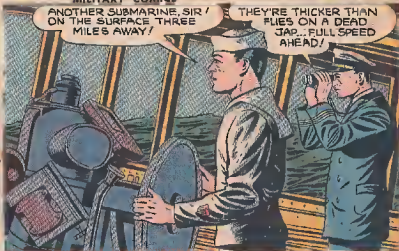
AT DAWN THAT NIGHT, EXPLOSIONS APPEAR ON THE HORIZON...



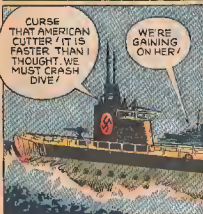
MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



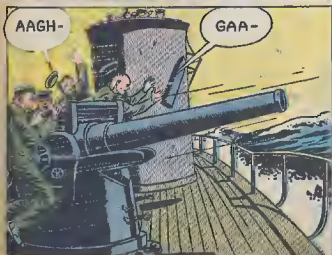
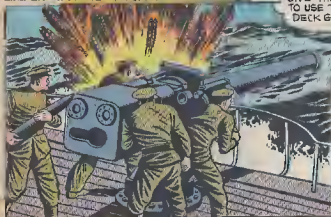
THE U-BOAT TRIES TO OUTRUN
THE CAMPBELL





THE CAMPBELL RACES AT THE SUBMARINE WITH GUNS BLAZING AT POINT BLANK RANGE...

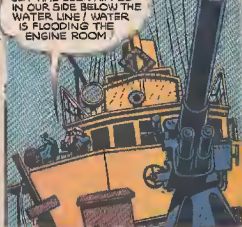
SWEEP THE DECK WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE! DON'T GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO USE THEIR DECK GUNS!



THE CRIPPLED SUBMARINE SINKS
BENEATH THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES.

NO CHANCE
TO RESCUE THOSE
POOR DEVILS IN
THIS SEA!

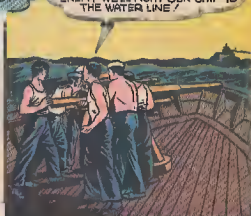
A TWELVE FOOT
SLIT HAS BEEN RIPPED
IN OUR SIDE BELOW THE
WATER LINE / WATER
IS FLOODING THE
ENGINE ROOM!



OUR PUMPS CAN'T
KEEP UP WITH THE
INTAKE!

THE ENGINES HAVE STOPPED AND THE
ELECTRICAL PLANT IS DEAD! WE'RE AS
HELPLESS AS A FLOTTING LOG!

OH... OH! THERE'S A SHIP RACING
TOWARD US! WELL... IF IT'S AN
ENEMY WE'LL FIGHT OUR SHIP TO
THE WATER LINE!

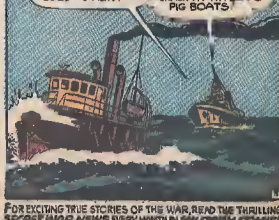


HURRAY! IT'S THE
POLISH DESTROYER BURZA
COMING TO RESCUE
US!

THEY'LL GUARD US UNTIL
AN OCEAN GOING TUG
COMES TO TOW US IN!

WE'LL SOON BE IN
PORT AND FIXED UP
GOOD AS NEW!

YOU SAID IT! THEN
WE'LL GET ANOTHER
CRACK AT HITLER'S
PIG BOATS!



FOR EXCITING TRUE STORIES OF THE WAR, READ THE THRILLING
SECRET WAR NEWS EVERY MONTH IN MILITARY COMICS

I Jumped from \$18 a Week to \$50 -a Free Book started me toward this GOOD PAY JOB IN RADIO

**Here's
How it
Happened**

by J. E. SMITH, NAME AND ADDRESS
SENT UPON REQUEST

"I find an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory. I read about Radio opportunities and enrolled with the National Radio Institute."

"I was now earning \$50 to \$10 a week in spare time fixing radios. This paid for the National Radio Institute Course and led to work paying for my college education."



"Radio service permitted me to attend school and work evenings. Upon completing the N. R. I. Course I was made Service Manager at \$10 a week more than twice my shoe factory wage."



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"The N. R. I. Course took me out of a low-pay job and put me into Radio at good pay, enabled me to earn a college education. There's a promising future for trained Radio men."

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J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 28 Years

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Think of the NEW jobs that, Television Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! So make the first step in one. Get my 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just send Coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postcard.—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 44A3, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 8, D. C.
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Name..... Age.....

Address.....

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Men likely to go into military service (soldier, sailor, marine), should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio before service men get into the rank, extra pay, more interest in duties, MUCH HIGHER PAY. Also, prepares for good Radio jobs.

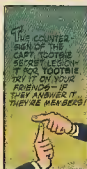


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GIRLS!**

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Address _____

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Military Comics #25

1941 Series - Quality Comics, January 1944, coverprice 0.10 , 60 pages.

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1. Wang the Tiger

Feature: Blackhawk

2. [The Trojan Fish]

Feature: Death Patrol

3. [The Return of Suratai]

Feature: Sniper

4. humor filler

Feature: Johnny Doughboy

5. Girl Wanted

Feature: Private Dogtag

6. [The Derelict's Curse]

Feature: P.T. Boat

7. Death Rides a Ray

Feature: text story

8. [The Flying Parson]

Feature: Atlantic Patrol

9. Coast Guard Cutter Battles Six U-Boats

Feature: Secret War News

Series info

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Wang the Tiger

(Sequence 1 , 15 pages)

Feature Story: Blackhawk

Credits:
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Genre: adventure; war

Indexer notes:
title from cover; I: Wang the Tiger (Mandarin Wang)

[The Trojan Fish]
(Sequence 2 , 4 pages)
Feature Story: Death Patrol

Credits:
Al Stahl (Script), Al Stahl (Pencils), Al Stahl (Inks),

Genre: war;aviation; humor

[The Return of Suratai]
(Sequence 3 , 8 pages)
Feature Story: Sniper

Credits:
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Genre: war; adventure

Indexer notes:
"V: Suratai, Hirohito; I: Oku-Sama (D; daughter of Suratai), Pvt. Hirota (D)"

humor filler
(Sequence 4 , 1 page)
Feature Story: Johnny Doughboy

Credits:
Bernard Dibble (Script), Bernard Dibble (Pencils), Bernard Dibble (Inks),

Genre: gag

Girl Wanted
(Sequence 5 , 9 pages)

Feature Story: Private Dogtag

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Genre: humor

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[The Derelict's Curse]

(Sequence 6 , 9 pages)

Feature Story: P.T. Boat

Genre: war; navy

Death Rides a Ray

(Sequence 7 , 2 pages)

Feature Story: text story

Credits:

? (Script), typeset (Letters).

[The Flying Parson]

(Sequence 8 , 1 page)

Feature Story: Atlantic Patrol

Credits:

Fred Guardineer (Script), Fred Guardineer (Pencils), Fred Guardineer (Inks),

Genre: war; navy

Coast Guard Cutter Battles Six U-Boats

(Sequence 9 , 7 pages)

Feature Story: Secret War News

Credits:

Fred Guardineer (Script), Fred Guardineer (Pencils), Fred Guardineer (Inks),

Genre: war; true

Indexer notes:
true story

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